
Title: A Heart Hardened and then Healed

Author: Windom Beleforte

The honor was all mine when I was chosen to place forth and forge with eight others the first Sonoma High Mage's Council in 1998.

With over 100+ members strong, nine of us were to be chosen among all to represent the guild with honor and pride. I was very fortunate to have been chosen amongst the 100+ to represent the council as one of the nine with distinction.

For years, our guild thrived and prospered well, although how so true that all good things must always come to the dreaded end, eventually.

Our guild was threatened by a very powerful archmage named Balart. He possessed powers that went beyond what a normal mortal could relinquish. This evil man sought to use our guild as a means to demonstrate his evil power upon, and indeed he did just that

He first impregnated some of the female guild members (albeit, against their will) with children of demonic genetics. It seemed that Balart was indeed, a half-demonic being.

He slowly took down everything we had worked for, and as a last blow, killed my lover, master and guild mates. He then sunk the mage tower beneath the Northeast Moonglow sea in which near it rested.

I vowed for years too seek revenge upon this evil entity. Balart was an archmage of immense power. How would and/or could I stand up to such a foe? But love strung me along like a puppet in my endless pursuit of revenge for the half-demon all across the s

Alas, I failed and found nothing. Not only did I "not" find what I was seeking, however, I also found that I was no longer "anything" as well.

A hapless soul of a human, wandering aimlessly and endlessly through abandoned forests; buildings and cities seeking people and objectives that no longer existed to be found.

Today, I am at... peace. I am not an old man nor am I a young man anymore either. I would like to say perhaps... an "experienced" man.

I have found a new home on a shard called Atlantic. Compared to the deadened waters of Sonoma, Atlantic seems to breathe so much life.

I have no expectations, nor wanting in any particular manner. I only wish to find it peaceful and relaxing as my birthplace in Wind of Sonoma once was.

That place, where my heart shall always be nestled within.

-- Windom Beleforte